

You in My Hoodie

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You in My Hoodie

by [EscapistBehavior](#)

Summary

“We’ve bet money so many times,” Dream said, “why don’t we do something more interesting?”

“Do you have something in mind?”

“I don’t. What about you, George, do you have something you *want* from me?”

“You’re such an idiot,” George breathed. He had never been more thankful for the way his camera washed out most of the blush from his face. Actually, scratch that, he ended up that thankful almost every time he talked to Dream on stream.

There were a lot of things he wanted from Dream.

George and Dream make a bet that ends up with George wearing Dream's hoodie. Feelings ensue.

Notes

If anyone in this changes their boundaries around shipping/fan fiction this will be deleted.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The Bet

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George was a lost cause. It was a miracle, really, that Dream was somehow so oblivious that he never noticed the change in George's voice when they spoke, or the way he blushed so much more when Dream flirted with him than with anyone else, or the way George could never really say no to him. That last problem was the reason why George was now figuring out the terms of a bet he had a feeling would come back to bite him in a day's time.

"We've bet money so many times," Dream said, "why don't we do something more interesting?" George wasn't sure how they'd ended up arguing over who's team would place higher in MCC tomorrow, but neither of them could ever stay away from a friendly bet. Especially with each other.

"Do you have something in mind?"

"I don't. What about you, George, do you have something you *want* from me?"

"You're such an idiot," George breathed. He had never been more thankful for the way his camera washed out most of the blush from his face. Actually, scratch that, he ended up that thankful almost every time he talked to Dream on stream.

There were a lot of things he wanted from Dream.

"N-no, I can't think of anything..."

"Ooh, how about we ask twitter to give us ideas!"

That's a terrible idea. We both know the kind of thing our fans will suggest— "Alright."

"Ok, chat! Hashtag, uh, mccbet, go give us your ideas! Go go go!" Dream shouted, and George couldn't help but laugh a little. *He's just so cute... goddammit, shut up, brain.*

"I'm gonna win, Dream, you better prepare yourself for whatever twitter makes you do." George's team was expected to place higher than Dream's, who'd been put with a bunch of weaker players for balance again, and they both knew it, but Dream would never admit it.

"Sure, sure. Your team is going to miraculously beat mine and twitter's wrath will fall on me instead of you, sounds believable."

Someone joined the discord call. "Oh, what's that supposed to mean, *Dream?!'*" Wilbur shouted, "you think just because you're so *cool* and *smart* and *handsome* you can beat us? Gogy and I have this in the bag!" George giggled at his teammate's mock anger. He'd be lying if he said he hadn't been disappointed when he wasn't on the same team as Dream, but as far as Dream-less teams went, Wilbur, Quackity, and Karl was pretty awesome.

"Yeah, Wilbur, I do. My team is going to *destroy* you four, you don't stand a chance!"

"I SWEAR TO *FUCKING* GOD, DREAM—" Wilbur and Dream's shouting grew louder and louder while George just sat back, stifling his grin. After a while of aggressive and largely misplaced confidence (and a good deal of angry flirting that *totally* didn't bother him), George

pulled up twitter. Unsurprisingly, #mccbet was already trending.

“Alright, enough, why don’t we check the hashtag and find out what Dream’s going to do when he loses?”

“George, *you’re* gonna lose, but yeah, let’s look.”

“Ok, the most liked suggestion is—” George laughed nervously “—the loser gives the winner one of their personal hoodies.” He tried to ignore the way his heart fluttered when he imagined himself wrapped up in one of Dream’s enormous hoodies.

“What?” Dream sputtered. “I-how would that even work, I wouldn’t—wouldn’t fit in one of yours.”

“I mean, I have that huge Dream smile one. That would fit you.”

“This isn’t even that good a bet, it’s... it’s boring, there’s no real stakes!”

“Aw, you won’t do it?” George pouted dramatically to disguise the shard of real disappointment that had lodged itself in his heart.

“Oh, forget him, Gogy, I can give you a hoodie if you want one,” Wilbur cut in. “I could even drop it off in person.”

George glanced at chat and giggled at a message (*is wil flirting with dream or george rn i cant keep track*). “Really, Wilbur? You’d do that for me?” he joked, his voice low. “I’d—”

“Whatever,” Dream interrupted, “if that’s really the bet you want to make I’ll do it. It’s still stupid, though.”

George grinned and cursed himself for it. “Cool. See, chat, I’ve got your back, we’re doing the bet you all chose!”

“I can’t wait to try on your hoodie, George.” This was the furthest thing from fair.

“You’d like that, wouldn’t you.”

Dream laughed. “Sure.”

I know I would.

“Ok, ok, I got the diorite and I’m coming back!” George shouted.

“Wow, Gogy’s tryharding,” Wilbur laughed.

“Someone really wants that hoodie from Dream...” Karl teased.

“No! I just want to beat him and prove him wrong!” That wasn’t entirely a lie. George didn’t really *want* to have to deal with the mess of feelings that having Dream’s hoodie would give him. He was still trying as hard as he could to beat him. He wasn’t about to let Dream beat him just because of a hoodie that he wished he didn’t want.

“Yeah, yeah, sure.” Quackity said, dragging out the vowels sarcastically.

“You know, if you want a hoodie that bad my offer still stands.”

“I don’t want a hoodie!” George flushed pink. *Ok, enough, George.* He needed to stop caring so much about the stupid bet and get this conversation back under control. “...But if you want to see me in yours so badly I could make an exception.” He normally didn’t flirt this much, but he really needed to stop thinking how close he was to winning the bet. Their team had been just one rank above Dream’s before the last game started, and the timer was almost up. If they’d managed to keep their lead, Dream would be sending him a hoodie. *Why did I let this happen?*

“Oh, *Gogy*,” Wilbur giggled, and George rolled his eyes.

“Ok... polished and then stairs and... here and... there!” George finished off the last build seconds before the game ended.

The points appeared in the chat and George managed to not react to them too obviously. They’d done it. They’d earned enough points to keep Dream from passing them. The final team rankings followed, and neither Dream’s team nor George’s had made the top two, but he had bigger problems.

He’d beat Dream.

He’d won the bet.

He’d won *Dream’s hoodie*.

...which meant nothing. Obviously.

But still.

Chapter End Notes

This is (I think) gonna be my longest fic so far, not like actually long compared to a lot of writers here but I'm planning for it to be long for my writing.

This story is kind of inspired by got a thing about you (and it won't go away) by alltimecharlo, but it's going to be a lot different! It just has some similarities and I probably wouldn't have written this if I didn't read it. If you haven't read it you should, it's really good!

Anyways, thank you so much for reading! If you'd like, leave a comment - compliments, criticism, suggestions for the story, anything really! Your comments give me an unreasonable amount of serotonin, and so does people just reading this at all, so thank you again <3

I hope you enjoyed! Have a nice day :D

...if you saw this before I fixed the mistake in the notes, no you didn't

The Hoodie

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“So, George, did you, uh, get anything in the mail today?” George tensed. He’d been hoping he could manage to go the whole stream without thinking about the box sitting on the floor in his living room. (He’d failed within the first few minutes, of course, but he’d been hoping to go the *rest* of the stream at the very least.)

“Yeah, yeah, it came. What, were you tracking it, Dream?” George teased, hoping to get at least a little bit of upperhand in a conversation that was definitely going to be clipped everywhere.

“Well, I mean, I got an email that it arrived today, yeah.”

“Okay.” Chat had already figured out that it was the hoodie, because of course they had. Neither of them had mentioned it since mcc, but their fans hadn’t stopped speculating and drawing and freaking out since they’d made the bet.

Hopefully that would be the end of the conversation. “Soooo... are you gonna put it on?” *Dammit.*

“What, you *want* me to?”

“Oh come on, just do it. What’s the point in sending it otherwise?”

George rolled his eyes. “Why do I feel like I’m the one who lost this bet.”

“Just put it on! Come on, George, please?”

“...fine, I’ll go get it. I’d say entertain chat for me but I feel like they’re already entertained enough.”

George got out of his seat and walked into the living room. He hadn’t opened the box yet. It wasn’t anything special, just a cardboard box with “from Dream” scrawled on it in big black letters. Mcc had only been a week ago, and a part of him had been on the edge of his seat waiting for this. Most of him had been dreading it.

It wasn’t that big of a deal. That was the problem; even though it was nothing more than a meaningless joke, George’s heart raced whenever he thought about it. He ran his fingers over Dream’s name. *I wonder if the mailman thought it was a pet name or something. Actually, ‘dream’ would make a really adorable pet name.* George shook his head and tore open the box before he could convince himself not to. Chat was waiting for him. *Dream* was waiting for him. To put on his hoodie. *How did this happen?*

The first thing that came into George’s mind when he reached into the box and pulled out the hoodie was *it’s so soft*. It was a deep, rich blue (probably), and it was huge, and it was Dream’s. For the first time it really sank in that Dream actually sent him a hoodie. *Not* for the first time, George thought about how this was totally a couple thing. To be fair, that was kind of the point. The fans suggested it *because* it was a couple thing.

And those fans were still waiting for him. It really shouldn’t take this long to put on a hoodie. *This is so stupid, stop thinking about it and just fucking put it on!*

He pulled off his own hoodie and put on Dream's. He'd imagined this plenty of times even before they made the bet, but obviously he'd wanted to be wearing it for a different reason. Not because of a stupid joke.

It was soft. And warm. And it smelled (he assumed) like Dream. George could feel his face heating up. He tried to hide his face in his hands even though he was alone, but ended up getting a faceful of too-long sleeves instead because this was *Dream's hoodie*.

George pushed himself off of the floor and walked into the bathroom. His reflection was all red cheeks and blue fabric. *Calm down, George. This is so dumb.* He couldn't risk waiting much longer, everyone must be wondering what was taking him so long. He had to go back. Right now.

George walked back to his room, took a deep breath, and dropped back into his chair. *Just act natural. You can do this.*

"George..."

"What?" *You cannot say my name like that right now, Dream, please...*

"That, uh, that color suits you."

"Um, ok, sure." The red that only just begun to fade from George's cheeks had returned.

"You, um," Dream trailed off.

"What?" George asked again.

"You look good." George tried to hide his smile and failed miserably.

"Thank you?" *Goddammit, Dream.*

"You're welcome," Dream said, just a little too softly, before switching easily back into a joking stream persona. "Thank you, chat!" Dream whispered loudly. George rolled his eyes. "This was such a good idea! Look how *cute* he is, this was almost worth losing mcc!"

"You're so stupid."

"He's blushing!"

"I'm not!" He was. He really, *really* was.

"He's so red, chat, look."

"Dream! I am not!"

"Yes you are, *handsome*," Dream wheezed.

"Dream!! What is - ugh..." George covered his face with his hands.

"It's so big on you!" Dream giggled at the way the sleeves hung from George's fingers.

"Of course it is, you're a fucking giant."

"No, you're just tiny."

"Whatever."

Dream didn't bring up his hoodie again for the rest of the stream, which George was very grateful for, but then he brought it up as soon as the stream stopped, which George had *no* idea how he felt about at this point.

"Aw... I don't get to see you in my hoodie anymore!" Dream whined jokingly.

"You're such a *simp*," George said, fidgeting with his long sleeves.

Dream laughed softly. "Yeah."

George rolled his eyes even though Dream couldn't see him. He wasn't sure whether he hated or loved the way Dream joked about this, about *liking* him. Because even though George knew it was a joke, sometimes Dream's flirting would sound... genuine. Real. Sometimes, George would find himself caught up in a mess of wondering and longing and suddenly he was just another fan picking apart Dream's tone and coming to the conclusion that he was in love with George. It never lasted long; George knew that Dream didn't have feelings for him and he knew that Dream was straight. But when Dream talked to him like that, when Dream got all flustered and awkward and breathless at the sight of George in his hoodie, the little ever-optimistic voice in his head got louder and louder.

"George?" Dream's voice pulled George back to reality.

"Yeah?"

"I said do you wanna play bedwars?"

"Oh, sorry, yeah! Sounds good!"

Dream hesitated. "Are you ok?"

Who fucking knows? Not me, certainly. "Yeah, totally, I just spaced out. I'm all good."

"Ok, just checking! I'll send you a party invite."

"Awesome!"

George reached for his keyboard to accept the invite and saw the long blue sleeves flopping over his fingers.

God, George was a goner.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 2! I'm excited to keep working on this story, it's been fun to write!

I don't have a lot to say today... I mentioned in the notes of a different fic that I thought I might be asexual and yeah, I'm identifying as asexual now! So that's cool.

Anyways, thank you so much for reading! If you'd like, leave a comment, I love hearing all of your feedback!!

Have a nice day and go drink some water <3

The Nightmare

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George decided not to wear the hoodie ever again. He didn't send it back, either.

He wasn't really sure what he was supposed to *do* with his best friends hoodie. They hadn't talked about it, Dream hadn't asked for it back or anything, but George wasn't about to wear his crush's hoodie without a real reason. He wasn't that pathetic.

George knew exactly how it would feel to wear it again. He couldn't help but remember it whenever he saw the stupid thing sitting on the floor where he'd left it after that day, couldn't help but remember those waves of blue fabric, that smell he wished was familiar, that warmth wrapped around him like a hug. God, he wished he could hug Dream. That much was realistic, at least. One day this stupid pandemic would be over and he would see him and hug him and it would be so fucking amazing... But that day hadn't come yet, and all George had was a stupid blue hoodie that he really needed to stop considering putting on.

So George spent the next two weeks of his life pretending to ignore the hoodie on his bedroom floor. The last thing he wanted was to let himself wear it and imagine and pretend and wallow in his own longing, which he knew he would end up doing if he gave in and put it on. It shouldn't be too difficult, all he had to do was stick to his decision not to wear it and try his best to forget about Dream's dumb hoodie.

He might've even managed it if it weren't for an actual dream.

Waves crashed onto the shore, lapping at George's feet. The sky was a clear, beautiful blue, and George couldn't see a single cloud. What he could see, though, was a tiny green dot peeking over the horizon. As it came closer, he realized it was a grand, old fashioned boat with huge emerald sails, and he could make out a figure standing on the deck. The ship was still too far away to make out who it was, but George knew. He could feel it in his heart. Finally, he'd made it and soon there would be nothing standing between them.

The ship was even closer now, and the figure's face became visible. It was the same face George feigned ignorance of to millions, the same face he treasured and longed to see in person for so many years. Dream waved at him from the deck, his grin mirroring George's own.

"Dream!" He watched Dream's mouth open in response, but the sound didn't reach George. "Dream!" he called again.

"George!" Dream's voice was still almost too faint to hear, but he was coming ever closer.

Then George noticed the clouds rolling in. As if from nowhere, a storm darkened the sky, drowning out Dream's shouts with the deafening rumble of thunder. George called out again, this time in fear instead of celebration, as the rain began to fall down in sheets. Huge, towering waves rocked Dream's ship back and forth and he clung to the railing for dear life, unable to do anything but hold on and pray.

For a moment the roar of the storm seemed to quiet. Time stood almost still as George watched a bolt of lightning arc towards the ship, illuminating those green sails and the terrified expression on

his best friend's face. Then the bolt reached the ship and everything came back, the noise, the rolling sea, the shouting.

Dream's boat splintered like kindling and sent him crashing into the waves.

By the time he realized what he was doing George had dove into the water, swimming past planks and masts and torn green sails, searching, searching... He could just barely make out a hand reaching towards him from the dark ocean below and swam down, trying to grab it, but the faster he swam the further away it seemed to be. He tried to shout out Dream's name and swallowed lungfuls of water as his vision began to blur. Just as the hand sank too far to see, George felt his own body give out and everything went black.

George woke up drenched in sweat and gasping for breath. His thoughts were a roaring mess of fear for Dream, *Dream, I have to help him—*

The sound of Dream snoring came from his phone next to him. On the bed next to him. Not the ocean. Because it was just a nightmare. Dream was safe. Dream was safe. George let out a sigh of relief and waited for his heart to stop pounding.

It didn't.

You know when you have a really bad dream, and even after you've woken up and realized it wasn't real you still can't calm down?

Somehow, the sound of Dream on the call wasn't enough to reassure him. If Dream was really there he could look over and see him, he could see that he was truly ok, but he wasn't really there. There was only one part of Dream that was really in his room, and George couldn't...

George gave in and put it on. He breathed in the smell he wished he could say was familiar and pulled the hood up over his head, trying to wrap as much of himself as he could in the warmth of Dream's hoodie. *Just for tonight. Just so I can fall asleep.*

George crawled into bed, clutching fistfuls of blue fabric, and quickly drifted off to sleep.

"Ok, I'm gonna start the stream now," George warned Dream and Sapnap before clicking the button to go live. "Hi chat! I'm—" Dream gasped and George stopped talking. "Dream?"

Dream spoke almost breathlessly. "You're wearing it." George's eyes shot wide open. *Fuck!* He'd somehow forgotten to take off Dream's hoodie. *Oh no...*

"Pft, yeah, um. Whatever." He was about as red as a tomato. How could he be so careless?

"I don't think I've seen you wear that since you got it."

He'd told himself he'd take it off when he woke up, and then when he woke up he'd told himself he'd take it off before he streamed, and by the time he had to go live he'd gotten so comfortable in it that he'd sort of forgotten what exactly he was wearing. What the fuck was wrong with him?

"Yeah, well. I have other hoodies."

"But you look so good in mine, George!" *What?!* George tried to stop his eyes from flying open again and his mouth from grinning like an idiot and his face from flushing even darker. He failed

on all three fronts, but it only took him a moment to school his expression back to normalcy (he'd had practice).

"That's getting clipped, you stupid simp."

"I don't care, it's true."

"*Dream*, you- I- ugh, whatever."

"*That's* getting clipped, idiot!" Dream wheezed.

"Shut up!"

"I will if you promise to wear it more often."

"...what?" *What the actual fuck?*

"Come on," Dream lowered his voice but spoke in a joking tone, because *obviously* he was joking, George, stop jumping to conclusions, "for me?"

"Sure, Dream," George answered with as much sarcasm as he could muster, "I'll wear your hoodie if you *want* me to."

"I want you to."

George was saved from having to produce any kind of rational response from his deeply panicked brain by Sapnap groaning loudly. "Oh my *god*, can you two stop flirting for five seconds?"

"Blame Dream, he's the one asking me to wear his hoodie!"

"Well, George is wear—" Dream seemed to change his mind about what to say mid sentence "—is just so cute in it, I can't resist!"

Oh god oh no- George really didn't think he could take much more of this. "Wow, I didn't think it would be possible to make you simp any harder. All it takes is a hoodie?"

"I'm just, uh, I'm just stating a fact, George. You're, you're *objectively* cute."

George knew he was grinning now, and he had half a mind to try and stop given that his every reaction was being streamed to forty thousand people, but his brain was functioning about as well as a mug made of toilet paper. "Thank you," he managed to say without giggling like a lovestruck idiot.

"You're welcome," Dream said almost softly, and *fuck*, George was absolutely a lovestruck idiot, giggles or not.

Chapter End Notes

The first draft of this chapter was VERY different. Instead of making George be just scared for Dream, he originally had a nightmare about Dream not liking him (at all, not just not liking him romantically) centered around George feeling like Dream didn't trust him since he hadn't shown him his face. It was a mess of projection and anxiety

and hurt/comfort (once George woke up), all very on brand for me lmao, and I actually really liked it, but it really didn't fit the vibe or pacing of the rest of the story so I decided to redo it pretty much completely. If I hadn't, the scene on stream probably would've been in chapter 4, so the bright side is you get the fluffy flustered flirting early!

I think I might polish up and add to the first draft of this chapter and make it a separate oneshot, like I said it didn't fit the vibe but it wasn't at all *bad*.

Thank you so much for reading!! If you want, leave a comment and let me know what you thought!

Also go drink some water! <3

The Letter

Chapter Summary

An unsent letter from Dream to George.

Chapter Notes

I know this is a change from the either chapters but I was feeling a little (a lot) stuck and thought this might be a good way to get some ideas flowing. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dear George,

This is stupid, isn't it. It's not like I'm ever gonna send this letter, god no, but I feel like if I don't say this somewhere it's just gonna slip out soon. So, I love you. I love you I love you I love you I love you I love you I love you I love you I love you. I love your stupid laugh and your stupid face and your stupid heart and your stupid everything.

Normally it's not this hard. I don't really mind being in love with you, I get to be your best friend and spend so much time with you and make you smile and I really couldn't ask for more. (Obviously I could ask for more. But I don't *need* to.) But it's been harder recently. I know why. It was my fault, really, I got jealous and I did something stupid and now here we are.

(Yes, George, I was jealous that you, a straight man, were flirting with Wilbur, who is *also* straight. I know it's stupid. But that *is* why I agreed to the bet. Why, past Dream, why)

You wore my hoodie for the third time today. Of course I've been keeping track. I mean, three isn't a lot, but I have a feeling I'll be keeping track long past reasonable numbers. I can't help it. I knew exactly what this would do to me, and I did it anyways. I knew what this would do because I've seen all the fanart and then I saw the whole thing about my oversized merch hoodie (ok, I'll admit here and nowhere *fucking* else that I might have mentioned that on stream because I wanted to see the art. It's cute, ok?! *Goddammit* I'm an idiot) and I'd imagined it a million times, to be honest, because wouldn't that be a dream come true? For me. Not for you, obviously. Which is why I *really* shouldn't have sent it at all.

What I said about being afraid something would just slip out? I don't know why I made that sound like speculation, it's already happening. I mean, so much has just slipped out over the years, just ask the youtube compilations, but like. Worse. I didn't mean to say half the shit I said when you wore my hoodie for the first time, or the second. Or today. Something about it just makes my brain stop working. I just want to tell you how fucking gorgeous you always look, and I just can't
asldkfa;kdfjhaskdfjhasdfkj;;;;;;;;;;

Ok. Composure. Let's go.

This is so dumb.

The truth is keeping this all bottled up is so frustrating. Because normally if something was ever bothering me I'd go to you, but I can't go to you, not about this.

And I'd go to you with every good thing that happens, too. Like the way you smiled today when I said you looked cute. The first time you were so embarrassed, and the second time you looked mortified after you realized what you were wearing (it seemed like you forgot, what does *that* mean? Do you wear it so often that you got used to it? Does it just mean so little to you that it slipped your mind?), but today you just looked *happy*. You blushed a little, you did that cute little laugh you sometimes do when people flirt with you. Maybe you don't get compliments often enough. I mean, you have countless simps posting compilations of you looking hot or cute or pretty, so... don't ask me how I know that. Whatever, it made you happy, so maybe I'll do it again? Anything to make you smile, George. God, I'm so stupid.

I guess if I can't really talk to you this is the next best thing. I mean I *could* tell someone else, like I could rant to Sapnap about how fucking in love I am, but I don't want him to know. I don't want it to be weird, you know? I'm sure he'd be fine about it (I mean, have you seen the way he talks to Karl? XD), but I don't want anyone else to know who could slip up or make more pointed jokes or maybe even try to set us up or something.

A lot of fans think he already knows, because he knows me. Well, they tend to think he knows about *both* of us because he knows *us* and because they think you like me back. But they're wrong. I think they're wrong about all of that except for me, I don't think Sapnap's figured out how I feel. Or maybe he has. Fuck, who knows. I know I'm pretty obvious. I'm still not quite sure how *you* haven't noticed it. Sometimes I even think you have, because how could you not have, but you're just a little too comfortable with everything to know, I think. The flirting and the jokes and the Fundy wedding and the hoodie... I don't think you'd be ok with all that if you knew. I don't think we'd be the same if you knew.

I'm sure it would be ok. Maybe. Ok, sure is a stretch. I'm sure you wouldn't, like, be mad at me or anything, I'm sure you'd *try* to make it work, but I just don't know if it *would* work. It would be weird, right? To know that your best friend is hopelessly in love with you?

Aghghghghghghghghghgh no this got all sad and mopey that wasn't the point.

I kind of just want to talk about it here. To talk about how much I love you. I love the way you yell and complain and bitch all the time but as soon as someone needs you you're there. I love all of your laughs, I love the quiet ones and the loud ones and the embarrassed ones. I love the way you talk in your sleep, it's so fucking cute, George. I love that I get to hear it. I love that I was lucky enough to have such an amazing best friend. I love those late nights of us coding together, trying to find mistakes and laughing at each other and helping each other and fucking up the test server. I love how often you talk about coming to America, how much you want the pandemic to just be over already. I can't wait. I can't wait to see you, to hold you, to sit together on the sofa and run into you in the hallway and hear you screaming at a video game from the other room.

Soon. It better be fucking soon.

Vaccines are coming out and restrictions are relaxing and maybe soon you can come. God, I want to be happy for Karl and Quackity whenever they meet up but I miss you. We've never even had more than what we have now, actually we're closer than we've ever been, but it still feels like missing you.

Oops. Sad again.

It'll be soon. I'm sure it'll be soon.

God, what am I gonna do when you're here? To be fair, if you haven't caught on yet I don't think being in person will change all that much. I think I'll be too happy to care.

You're gonna move in with us eventually. I'm going to see you, in real fucking life, every single day. We're gonna live in the same house! I am so fucking excited, George.

Askdjadjfshdlfkjshdflskdjfhslfjhslakjhdsfja;sdalsdjf

Putting this into words is harder than I thought it would be. There's just so much to say. You're fucking amazing, George. I love you so much, as a friend, as more, as whatever. Even if I didn't love you romantically I think I'd still be in awe of you. So kind, and smart, and funny, and cute, and hot, yeah, and *everything*. You're everything to me. I'm so fucking lucky to have you in my life.

All my love,

Dream

Chapter End Notes

So yeah, not a normal chapter. I wasn't sure what I wanted to do and I thought it might be fun to get Dream's perspective in, idk. Did you like it or does it not fit? Let me know, I'm still kind of figuring out what I want for this fic.

If you guys have any suggestions for things that could happen I'd actually appreciate it, I'm forcing myself to stretch out the flirting and pining and tension because I have a bad habit in my writing of just skipping between important points and not doing any of the build up but now I'm not sure what to actually fill the space between now and the next development *with*... I have a couple ideas but if you guys have anything you want to see me write let me know!

Or just what you thought about the story so far, like I said your comments and support mean a lot to me!

Have a nice day! I gtg take an AP US history test fml

The Solution

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George's day was *not* going well. He'd been woken up way too early by construction outside his apartment building, for starters (To be fair, it wasn't really early for anyone but George. Syncing to EST wasn't always the most convenient), and when he tried to fall back asleep he just couldn't. He'd complained to Dream, who had just laughed and said he was surprised anything could wake George up at all, let alone keep him from falling asleep again. He'd burned his pancakes, he'd dropped his phone behind the couch and had to crawl awkwardly to reach it, he'd been about to save his editing when his computer decided to crash... By the time George sat down to eat lunch he was grumpy and miserable and pissed at absolutely everything.

But he had a solution.

Maybe it was a selfish solution. At the very least it was stupid, and kind of weird. But it was a solution nonetheless.

Slipping into Dream's hoodie for the fourth time was already enough to brighten his mood a little. But it got even better (Worse? Dumber? Weirder?), because George was streaming in an hour, and Dream would see him in it. He felt kind of bad for this, for relishing compliments he knew were just jokes, but it felt so fucking good to hear them. He could like being complimented by his friend, right? Obviously there was more to it than that, but still, there was nothing wrong with liking being complimented. Right?

Ok, it was definitely weird to wear your best friend/crush's hoodie just because you wanted him to call you cute. But it was also weird to send your best friend a hoodie and beg him to wear it more often. Everything about this was weird.

George could live with that.

George's mood had soured considerably by the time he started his stream. Dream was out with Sapnap 'having a life' or something, and they weren't sure when they'd be back. It wasn't like they'd made plans to stream together or anything, and he was glad they were having fun, but George had been really looking forward to hanging out with Dream today. Karl and Quackity were both working on their insane upcoming lore streams (George did not see the fun in that at *all*, but he had to admit the results were showstopping), Bad was filming a video with Skeppy, everyone was *busy*.

"Hi, chat! We're gonna be working on a Kinoko Kingdom build today. I think Dream and Sapnap will be on later, but it's just gonna be you and me for now." He tried not to sound too disappointed. Since when was he so clingy? He glanced at chat, hoping for a distraction and getting the exact opposite.

DREAM HOODIE

HOODIE

dnf

mushroom house!!

HES WEARING THE HOODIE

free dnf content pog

“Alright, we’re gonna need a lot of mushroom blocks today so let’s get going.”

A message from Dream popped up on his second monitor, and George decided to answer it even though he was live.

Dream: have fun streaming!

George: Are you watching?

Dream: no :(we cant watch rn

George: Then leave me alone and go bother Sapnap, idiot. I have a stream to do

Dream: so mean :((

Dream: bye <3

George realized he’d been silently smiling at his other monitor for way too long and turned back to minecraft. “Sorry, chat I’m back.”

George spent his stream gathering resources and failing to realize his building vision. He’d been streaming by himself for about an hour before he was interrupted mid-sentence by a discord call from Dream.

“Dream! Hi! Also I’m still live!”

“Yeah we know! You’re on speaker, Sapnap’s here too and we’re in the car so sorry for the noise.”

“Ugh, *Sapnap’s* here?” George groaned jokingly.

“Shut the fuck up!” Sapnap shouted.

“What are you doing, George?”

“I’m working on some big mushrooms but they’re really annoying to make look good.”

“Why can’t you just use bonemeal?”

“No, I want to make cool custom ones, you know, all big and flopping over? It’ll look so much better than vanilla ones if I can just get it to work right...”

“Yeah, Dream, Kinoko Kingdom needs better mushrooms than that, you wouldn’t understand!”

“Yeah, *idiot*, we need *better* mushrooms!”

“You’re so dumb.”

“You won’t be saying that when Kinoko Kingdom is full of beautiful handmade mushrooms.”

“I definitely will,” Dream wheezed and soon all three of them were laughing too.

“Whatever, how was your day without me?”

“Amazing!” Sapnap yelled.

“It *was* pretty nice.” Dream continued with a sarcastic tone, “I mean, of course it would’ve been

better if *you* were there, Georgie.”

George rolled his eyes. “Yeah, I’m sure.”

“We went to the beach! Safely of course, following all the restrictions and guidelines and whatever.”

“Ugh, restrictions,” George groaned.

“Yeah, I mean, it sucks, but they’re important,” Dream reminded, always trying to be a good role model or whatever.

“I *know*, I know they’re good and logical and keeping people safe and whatever but it’s still annoying. I could be relaxing on a sandy Florida beach with you right now if it weren’t for this fucking pandemic.”

“Aww, you want to be here with me?” George tried not to fluster too badly. *Yes.*

“I want to be on a beach, *like* you. Idiot.”

“Oh, we’re home. I guess I’ll hang up now and then rejoin from my computer, see you in a bit!”

“Bye Gogy! Mwah!”

The call disconnected and George rolled his eyes, waiting for the sound of his friends rejoining that came only a few minutes later.

“Ok I’m back!” Dream said. “One sec, I’m opening your stream, I wanna see this mushroom!”

Both George and the chat started to freak out. *This is it, Dream’s gonna see the hoodie. He probably won’t say anything, really, it was just a stupid bit...*

“Wow, George! It looks almost as good as *you* do.” *Nevermind.* George barely managed not to smile.

“Wow, Dream really woke up and chose violence. Don’t compare me to this awful mushroom!”

“No no no!” Dream shouted, sounding like he actually thought George thought that’s what he meant. “I like it! I think it looks pretty good! I mean, definitely better than I could make. And you’re always pretty, George.”

“Simp!” Sapnap’s distant voice came through Dream’s mic. George laughed hard, glad for the excuse not to respond right away.

“He *is* a simp! Caught in 4k!”

“Come on, I know you liked it.”

Oh, fuck. Act normal, act normal! “You’d think that, wouldn’t you?”

“You’re such an idiot.”

“At least I’m a pretty idiot, right Dream?” George lowered his voice.

“George!” George doubled over, partly from laughing and partly to hide his bright red face from the camera.

Chapter End Notes

I'm back with a normal chapter! Thank you so much for all of the interactions with this story! If you guys ever have more suggestions absolutely tell me them in the comments, or if you just want to say something because your comments make my day :D

I do have a general plan for this story and I think you're gonna like where it goes next, but I don't know how many chapters of ~flirty tension~ it'll be until we get there. It might be one. I'm not very patient.

I hope you enjoyed! Take care of yourselves! Also /dsmp Dream's a villain and George hasn't visited him, Quackity's going insane and I don't think he'll get along with Karl and Sapnap anymore, Karl's going to forget Sapnap and Quackity, and now warden Sam is torturing Ponk how are we feeling?

(I *will* write more angst if anything happens with the fiances and you can't stop me)

Thank you all so much for reading <3

A Date?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George woke up and put on Dream's hoodie without a second thought. He'd worn it more often than not over the last few weeks, and he found he didn't really care what the fans thought about that anymore. Not when Dream's complimenting hadn't slowed in the slightest.

Actually, Dream seemed to flirt with him more and more each time he wore it. George knew that in the end he was just hurting himself, that this couldn't last forever, but it made him so happy that he ignored that disappointing reality.

What was the point in constantly making himself sad over the fact that Dream's flirting was all for fun? Why spend all his time with Dream feeling sorry for himself, when he could just enjoy it instead? Like a few days ago, when Dream spent the majority of George's stream working him into a furious blush with an endless onslaught of compliments and teasing comments that continued long after the stream was over. By the time they decided to go to sleep George remembered being giddy with irrational happiness and absolutely exhausted.

"Could you work on the plug in with me tomorrow? I've been stuck for a while."

"Of course! I doubt I'll be much help to you, though. You're a way better coder than me."

George was glad their cameras weren't on so he didn't have to hide his grin. "No, you always catch the stupid mistakes and stuff for me. Besides, it's better than working alone."

"Alright, it's a date." A date.

George laughed under his breath. "Sure." It's a date. George couldn't get those meaningless words out of his head. "I—" he yawned "—I think I'm gonna go to bed now."

"Yeah, me too. Goodnight, beautiful." Beautiful! George grunted by way of response and tried to get his brain to shut up long enough to fall asleep.

They didn't hang up.

George couldn't help but smile thinking about that date. *No, wait, "date". Air quotes. That's fucking important, George.* Neither had mentioned anything about the label Dream had jokingly assigned it, and there hadn't been much flirting, but it was still really nice to spend the day arguing over code together. It was so easy to spend time with him. He'd seen people talking about platonic soulmates before, and Dream sometimes makes him wonder if they're real.

He really shouldn't let himself think about being soulmates with Dream, should he?

But they really were good together as friends. They got along perfectly, they always have, and there really wasn't anything wrong with loving that. Sure, he wished they could be more, but he was happy. Dream made him so happy, just their friendship made him so fucking happy.

Message from Dream: good morning! want to call?

George grinned. *Think of the devil.* (To be fair, with the amount of time George spent thinking about Dream it wasn't at all surprising that Dream would message him while he was). George

started a call right away, and they stayed on it for the rest of the day.

“Oh my god, *Dream*, you can’t just flirt with me! This is pandering!” George feigned annoyance and tried to ignore the way Dream’s jackbox rap made his heart flutter.

“Dream’s really been calling George hot every single day and getting nothing, what a simp! ” Quackity cackled.

“Well...” Dream started in that way that always made George a little worried for whatever was about to come next.

“Well what?” Quackity asked.

“Well, we did go on a date the other day.”

“Oh yeah, we *did*!” George said, making sure to fill his voice with sarcasm.

“What?!”

“Yeah, but he still won’t even compliment me back,” Dream whined.

“Well what do you want me to say,” George scoffed, “that I like your *hands*?” Dream wheezed. “You can call me hot all you want, but what am I supposed to say back?”

“Ugh, this *sucks*!” Dream groaned dramatically.

Of course, Dream’s flirt-filled rap beat George’s by a landslide. As Quackity began his own the topic of conversation changed, but George’s mind didn’t move on. He chewed his lip nervously and glanced at his camera for a moment before opening his dms to Dream.

George: I do think you’re hot btw ;)

“*George!*” Dream shouted over Quackity and Bad’s arguing.

George snickered. “What?”

“What did you do, George?” Bad asked.

“It’s a secret. Right, Dream?”

“Uh, y-yeah.” Oh, George *loved* this. The rare moments when he decided to flirt back and Dream flustered magnificently. It was funny, and it made him feel kind of powerful, and of course it didn’t mean anything but it was fun anyways.

Dream: aw, im blushing

George: You’re such a simp

Dream: at least im a hot simp

George felt his cheeks burning and he tried not to look away from his phone. Dream just turned what George had said about being a “pretty idiot” back on him. Of course he did.

George hadn’t been lying when he said Dream was hot. The few pictures George had were very

much proof of that. The first time they facetimed George had been a flustered mess, he was glad that hadn't happened live after that one mcc stream where he'd begged Dream to show him. While he'd gotten used to seeing Dream's face every now and then, he'd quickly realized that thinking about how goddamn attractive his best friend was on stream was... not smart. He blinked hard, trying to clear the visions of not-actually-golden eyes and dark blond hair from his mind, and typed out a response.

George: MY hot simp ;)

“George!!” George burst into giggles, and soon Dream's familiar wheeze joined in.

“What the muffin are you two talking about??”

“Nothing!” they both shouted in between laughs.

When George woke up the next morning and checked twitter, he actually groaned out loud. Clips from his jackbox stream the night before were spreading like wildfire, including a particularly embarrassing screenshot of George blushing at his phone. He was surprised to see it wasn't trending until he realized that “A DATE”, which was yet to have a description attached, was probably about them. *It wasn't even really a date!* At the very least, clips of Dream's hilarious reaction to his flirting had just as much focus put on them, so it wasn't all bad.

His frustration was all but forgotten a few hours later when he logged onto the Dream SMP, joined a vc with Dream, Karl, and Sapnap (who was live), and Dream greeted him with “hey, cutie.” George almost didn't hear it over the sound of Karl and Sapnap ‘kissing’.

“Oh my *god*,” Dream laughed, “can you two shut up?”

“You're just jealous, Dream,” Sapnap shot back.

“I mean, a little, Georgie and I went on a date and I didn't get a kiss,” Dream whined.

“Yeah, three hours of yelling at code and each other, how romantic.” (George didn't have Sapnap's chat open, so he didn't see the fans realizing that apparently there *had* been an actual date they were talking about.)

“You want romantic?” Dream—as DreamXD since he was still supposed to be in prison on this bizarre server—walked up to George and tossed a rose bush at him. “Here!” Dream crouched and looked up at George. “Now can I get that kiss?”

And maybe he only decided to because Karl and Sapnap got away with kissing in minecraft just fine, and maybe he would regret it later, but George crouched too and kissed him.

Chapter End Notes

So remember when I said I knew what the next big development would be but I didn't know how long it would be until then, and that I might just do it in the next chapter because I'm an impatient little gremlin?

...hi.

You sort-of-kind-of-not-really-but-still get a kiss scene today!

ALSO! I did the thing! I did the good responsible writer thing where you actually plan out what you're doing instead of having a ~vague romantic feel~ and going chapter by chapter lmao. Hopefully the rest of the story will have more of a consistent flow to it? Or it still won't but at least I'll know what's gonna happen next lmao

I hope you enjoyed! I've still got a lot more planned for this story (most of it is self indulgent fluff but it's still a lot *more* self indulgent fluff). As always, if you feel like it I would love to hear from you in the comments, you guys are the best <3

Have a nice day! (I always say that and I always post at like 11 pm my time but you know what? Time is an made up and its morning rn for some of you, have a nice fucking day!)

Firsts

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It wasn't like that was even the first time they kissed in minecraft, George reassured himself as Dream cheered and Sapnap made exaggerated sounds of shock. He could think of at least two other times off the top of his head. Sure, one was scripted for Fundy's wedding video and the other was for a dono after mcc, but still! And Karl and Sapnap were literally 'making out' right before he kissed Dream. It was fine. Fine.

After he ended his stream Sapnap immediately pounced on it. "I can't believe you two actually kissed!"

"Oh come on, you and Karl do all the time!" Dream said.

"Yeah, but like. That's what we *do*, you guys don't really do that."

"Well, there's a first time for everything—"

"That wasn't the first time." *Shit*. Why *did I say that*?

"Well, yeah not the *first* time, but like. You know - you know what I meant."

A first time for everything. George had no idea that would be so true.

The first time George kissed him without Dream having to ask came about a week and a few more kisses later. Until then Dream would sometimes (five times, George could tell you but wouldn't) beg George for a kiss, and George would groan and complain and then *maybe* give him one (three times).

The day in question George was "speed" running live while Dream followed him around in creative mode. He'd been live for three hours already, and been awake for *way* longer, and the sleep deprivation was starting to get to him. That explained why he did it.

"Oh, fuck, I'm gonna die." George hid from the blazes behind a wall of netherrack and watched his hearts slowly tick down, until he stopped being on fire with just one heart left. "Come on, I was doing so well!"

"Psst, George," Dream whispered.

"Yeah?"

Dream tossed the last two blaze rods George needed onto the ground at George's feet. George laughed and picked them up. "Wow, George, you did it! You can go get pearls now!"

"Yeah, I'm just so good at this!" George paused and walked over to Dream's avatar. "Thank you," he whispered. "Mwah!"

Dream made a happy, exaggerated gasp and jumped up and down while George flushed bright pink and regretted everything.

He should regret it. He *did*. Forget the butterflies in his stomach and the smile on his face. He definitely wished he hadn't done it.

The first time Dream used a pet name was a surprise that came only a few days after George kissed him. George was mindlessly farming wheat on the smp, his thoughts occupied by someone he really shouldn't be thinking about so much, when that someone tagged him in a reply to one of Karl's tweets.

@Karl: Tales will be this Saturday at 8 pm EST. You're gonna love it, I'm so excited to show you all our hard work!

|
|
|

@dreamwastaken: @georgenootfound wanna watch together baby?

George felt his heart rate speed up. *Baby?* It made sense. They'd been one of those joke internet couples like Karl and Sapnap or Sam and Ponk for a while now. This was a logical progression, a simple step up from all the flirting. It didn't mean anything.

When George read the tweet a second time he couldn't help but imagine Dream's voice in his head, saying those words, to *him*. He imagined what it would be like if Dream was standing right next to him, if he took George's hand in his and called him baby in that gentle tone he reserved for off-stream late night calls and serious, heartfelt conversations. By the time he realized just how hot his cheeks were burning the scene was fully painted across his mind. *God, I shouldn't think about this.*

He *could* just ignore it, or even reject him to be funny. If anything, *that* was what they did, as Sapnap put it, or at least it used to be. But if Dream was going to escalate, so was George. *This is such a mistake.*

I really don't care.

|
|
|

@georgenootfound: sure, babe, it's a date :]

(Surprisingly, the replies weren't entirely dnfers losing their minds. Some of them were Karl's fans losing their minds over George putting a :) in a tweet about Tales, even though George used it all the time.)

(Most of them were dnfers losing their minds.)

(As George laid awake in bed that night unable to forget the imagined voice of his best friend calling him baby, he realized he was kind of one of them.)

The first time Dream used a pet name out loud was only a day later. George joined a call with Dream and Bad, and was met with an "oh, hi baby!" that left him speechless for just a second too long.

"Hey babe," George managed to spit out. He was very, *very* glad Bad's stream couldn't see his

face. *Fucking hell.*

“Oh, oook then,” Bad said. “I was not expecting that.” Dream and George stayed silent. “Guys?”

“Sorry, what did you say?” Dream asked.

“Nothing, nevermind,” Bad giggled. It dimly registered in the back of George’s mind that Bad probably noticed the way he’d flustered, but he was way too busy trying not to think about *oh, hi baby* to worry about that.

The first time they used pet names off stream was a complete mistake. It was a few weeks after Dream called him baby, a few more since the kiss, and George was tired again, and again that was probably why he slipped up.

George clicked through the geoguessr location, searching desperately for some kind of sign while Dream watched his screen through discord.

“Oh! Wait, go back, that truck had a website on it!” Dream shouted. George went back, saw the ending of the url and chose Switzerland (correct!).

“Wow, nice catch babe, I totally missed that.” George realized what he’d said a moment later. He had no idea how Dream would respond. They’d been flirting way more off stream since this whole thing started, but they hadn’t done this yet. George hadn’t meant to say it. He’d just gotten used to saying it on stream that it just slipped out, and now he had to face the consequences. *Please don’t be mad, please don’t be mad-*

“Thanks, baby!” Dream replied after just a short moment of silence, and *thank god, it’s ok.*

After that, everything was *more*. The flirting, the kisses, the pet names, both on and off stream, and somehow they’re suddenly more insufferable than Karl and Sapnap, even though George was convinced those two both have feelings for each other.

George hated how much he loved it.

The first time George forgot it was a joke came about a week later. Dream was telling him how pretty he looks in his hoodie for the millionth time, and George was giggling and blushing and saying “babe, stop it!” but not really meaning it, and he was so fucking happy.

And then it hit him.

And then it hit him that it was all a joke, that Dream wasn’t his boyfriend, that none of this was *real*.

How did he even forget? How did he let himself get so wrapped up in this mistake that he managed to *forget*?

His face fell, and Dream, ever the loving friend, asked what was wrong. George lied that he remembered something he had to do and rushed out of the room.

When he finally came back he didn’t look too much like he’d been crying, but Dream noticed anyways. When George deflected his questions and said he was going to sleep, Dream stopped

asking and just whispered ideas and stories to him until George fell asleep.

The next day George decided to tone it down a little. He'd known how bad of an idea it was to act like this with Dream of all people, but maybe if they just let the bit die he could go back to normal longing instead of fuck-he's-not-really-my-boyfriend-and-this-is-all-a-meaningless-joke-to-him longing. Unfortunately, he obviously couldn't share that plan with Dream, and when Dream greeted him that morning as if he was in love with him George fell right back into it.

I am so fucked...

The first time George and Dream went on a minecraft date was... fun. It was too fun. It wasn't one of the times where George forgot, if only because tens of thousands of people were watching. But as they shared a cake from Niki's bakery in a flower forest Dream picked out just for him, George had to admit he was happy. The flirting was actually a bit less that day instead of more like he'd expected. It was like the two of them were just spending time together in a special, strange, genuine way, and that George could love without hesitation.

The fact that it was a date and Dream showered him with flowers and kisses didn't hurt, though.

Chapter End Notes

So yeah, this started as just hoodies go brrrr but even before I wrote the first chapter I had a better idea which was 'what if dream and george joke dated like karl and sapnap except its mutual pining'. And here we are.

I hope you enjoyed! This chapter was really interesting to write, and really fun!

Also, I PROMISE I won't abandon this (I'm only saying that so that I've explicitly promised you guys and I can't abandon it like all my unfinished drawings lmao) but I do have an idea for another fic and I was wondering if you guys have any songs about unrequited love that Dream could listen to and think about George (not Strawberry Blond because that's the one George listens to ;)), if you have any suggestions please give them! Also if you'd like please leave any kind of comment I'd love to hear from you!

We're half way through! All the next chapters are very cool and I'm really excited to write them. I hope you guys like the ending when we get there!

Thank you all for reading <3

The Letter Part 2

Chapter Notes

Another letter chapter :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dear George,

Letter I will never send you part 2: electric boogaloo yayyyyyyyyy why am I doing this? Is this more or less stupid now that we're, like, whatever we the fuck we are? I don't know, maybe it's just exactly as stupid. But I just have to say all of this somewhere and I can't say it to you so yeah. This again.

I think you deserve an apology. But I can't really apologize without making things worse so I'll just have to say it here I guess. It's probably not fair to let you kiss me and flirt with me and call me babe when I'm *loving* every second of it, is it?

I didn't mean to do this. I don't even really remember how it happened. One day we were joke flirting and you were shutting me down like you always do and it was normal and fine and then suddenly you're 'kissing' me and I'm just so, so fucked.

But you're fine with it, and I don't know how to explain that we should stop without having to explain that I'm fucking in love with you, so I guess I'll just let this go on for as long as it lasts. How long could it really? Why would it last much longer than it already has when it's just some stupid joke?

God, I wish it wasn't. You have no idea how much I wish it wasn't. How much I want to show you my heart and go on real dates and hear you call me babe and *mean it*, how much I want to run my hand through that beautiful hair and tell you every secret I've been keeping from you since I realized that all I want is you.

I sound so stupid talking about you. Maybe I should write poetry instead of letters. That's never been my thing, but when I think about you I kind of get it. Maybe I'll try it sometime.

Probably not lmao

I wonder if you think I'm joking when I tell you you're pretty. I doubt it, you always look so happy that it's intoxicating, so happy that I can't convince myself to stop before everything comes crashing down. I don't think I'm strong enough to make sure you know it's true the way *friends* would do because I think if I tried I'd say too much. But it's true, it's so fucking true, George. I think I could stare at you until I starved if you'd let me.

I bet you didn't think I could be more cheesy and cliché and sappy and stupid even if we were really dating, I say *so* much more than I should. But I could be so much worse, George. There are still times when I have to stop myself from waxing poetic about your smile, from gushing about how my heart feels when you call me without a reason, from just telling you everything because I accidentally convinced myself that you want this too.

I do that way too often. Because this is kind of weird, right? Like on stream is one thing but last night we stayed up until 2 am calling each other pretty and saying we wished we could kiss in real life and laughing so softly that it almost makes me think that you mean it all as much as I do.

Can you imagine? I have to admit I have. I've imagined dancing with you under the stars and kissing you goodnight and waking up in your arms. I already wake up in a call with you but it's not the same, for so many goddamn reasons. I've imagined telling you everything and I've imagined you saying it all back and I've imagined taking you to this cute little restaurant near my house. I'm taking you there one day anyways, I don't care that it won't be a date because you'll love it and it'll be fun and one day I'll be able to do things like that. One day you'll be here.

I think about that so much, every day, more than a few times every goddamn day because I want you here, George, so badly. I've never even hugged my best friend! It's the worst. I cannot fucking wait for you to come here.

You know, one day you'll probably find a girl and move out and I'll be all alone (let's be honest, I'm sure Sapnap will have left us for Karl by the time that happens). I kind of wish we could just live together as friends forever, all three of us or just you and me or whatever. People talk about that, you know, about how romance shouldn't be placed so high over friendship and how it should really be more normalized to want to spend your life with someone platonically and like yeah, I do want more with you but also I'd love that. I've imagined that too, just what it would be like to live in the same house as you. (And I've imagined living with you as more than that. I've imagined all the little domestic things I want so much and I've imagined what it would be like to spend Christmas with you and have cookouts in the summer and fuck I'm rambling again...) But obviously I get why people move in with their SOs and I want you to be happy like that but there's a part of me that wants you all to myself. And right now I have that, right now I'm your best friend and clearly that means a lot to you because you wear my hoodie every fucking day.

You know, I still can't figure out why you do that. ~~Maybe you do like me?~~ God, I need to stop. Maybe you just like it because you don't get to see me in person. That makes sense. ~~Sort of.~~

You don't like me like that. And if I let myself consider it I'm just gonna fuck everything up, so I can't. That's that.

It's fine. Soon this whole bit will stop, even though I almost wish it could just go on forever but it won't and it'll stop soon, probably. And then I ca

Sapnap knocked on Dream's door and Dream hastily shoved the letter into the pocket of his hoodie before he came in. "Everyone's waiting for you for Quackity's jackbox stream, dude!"

"Oh, shit, is it 9:30 already?"

"IT'S TEN O'CLOCK!"

"Oh fuck, I'm joining right now!"

Chapter End Notes

Sooooo... if you read the great suggestions on chapter 4 from lustypielita and more

specifically frogsalive you know where this is going... I'm very excited XDD

Big thank you to them again for giving me the idea for how to actually end this because for some reason I decided not to figure out the specifics before I started writing XD

I'm so excited to write the next few chapters its gonna be ~great~

Guys I'm posting at Not Eleven At Night TM it's a miracle

Thank you so much for reading, leave a comment if you'd like because I'd love to hear from you! :D

Minecraft Survivor VS 3 Hitmen REMATCH

Chapter Summary

This chapter is supposed to be like it's the video itself, so its in third person objective and only talks about things a viewer would know. I thought it'd be cool to try that out!

Also pretend Dream's videos are uploaded soon after recording them, this is recorded and posted fairly soon after the previous chapter.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“This video, three of my friends try to hunt me down and kill me in Minecraft for twenty *thousand* dollars. If I survive for one hundred minutes, I win. If they kill me, they win. And every ten minutes there is an invincibility period. Can they hunt me down and kill me before the time is up? We’re about to find out. This is: Minecraft Hitmen.”

Dream dropped down into the hole George was digging. “Hey baby.”

“Oh my god, this again?” George tried to mine the stone around him but Dream blocked him. “Come on, leave me alone!”

“Hey, that’s my line!”

“Oh my god, babe, stop it! Get out!”

Dream giggled. “No, I think I’ll stay.”

“You’re literally the worst.”

“You love me.”

“Please, babe, I just need to get some stupid stone, come on! You should be getting resources too, why are you wasting your time with me?”

“Spending time with you is never a waste, Georgie.”

“Oh my god, shut up.”

Dream only waited a few more minutes before using his water bucket to get out of the hole—he wouldn’t want to be stuck in it when pvp came back like in the last video—and started sprinting across the open plains, keeping an eye out for caves and the other hitmen.

“Sapnap, stop that! What if the immunity ends while you’re in there!” Bad yelled.

“Relax, Bad, I have plenty of time!” **PVP IS ENABLED! WATCH OUT!** “OH F-HONK!”

Sapnap tried to swim in lava

Dream wheezed while the other hitmen shouted at Sapnap for losing so much stuff.

After the arguing had calmed down, Dream suddenly stopped in his tracks and wheezed even harder. “Wait, George—” His words were lost in his laughter, and he took a moment to compose himself. “George, this is the first youtube video we’ve done since the whole couple thing! We didn’t even—”

George laughed. “Oh my god, we didn’t even explain!”

“There’s probably a bunch of people who only watch our youtube videos and suddenly we’re calling each other babe, oh my *gosh*!”

“Ok, ok, we’re like, a joke couple or whatever now, you know?” Their laughter died down quickly.

“Oh my gosh, can you imagine not knowing what’s going on and we just do that randomly?”

“We just confused so many people.”

Sapnap snorted.

“What?” Dream asked.

“Oh, nothing, I just, uh dropped something,” Sapnap said, sounding anything but sincere.

“Hey, babe.”

“Hey.” Dream picked up his crafting table and walked away from George, who followed anyway.

“We’re totally gonna beat you, Dream.” George pulled out an iron axe and swung it at Dream pointlessly. “The moment the immunity ends, we’re gonna destroy you and you’re gonna give us 20,000 dollars!”

“You know, *when* I win I won’t get anything, that doesn’t seem fair...”

“You made the rules, Dream! It’s *hitmen*, that’s the whole point. We get paid to kill you, remember?”

“No, I know, I just want at least a little something...”

“I’ll give you a kiss if you win.”

“You’d give me a kiss anyways. You’d kiss me right now.” Dream crouched and walked towards him but George took a step back.

“Nope. No kisses today unless you win.”

“You’re on.” George giggled and Dream joined in, the game seemingly completely forgotten.

“When I said you should distract Dream this isn’t what I meant, idiots,” Sapnap groaned.

“It’s working, though!” Bad laughed.

Dream gasped dramatically. “Are you *distracting* me, baby?”

"I think you're always distracted by me, sweetie," George drawled.

"N-no I'm not!" Dream answered quickly.

"Come on, get him!" Bad screeched. Dream knocked Sapnap off of the pillar and pearly away from George onto a nearby cliff face.

"It's almost over!" Dream shouted.

"Get back here!" George yelled, pillaring up the mountain towards him. Dream shot him with his last arrow and George fell screaming to his death.

"DREAAAAAM!!!" Sapnap charged towards Dream from the less steep side of the mountain and disabled his shield with an iron axe. Dream traded hits with Sapnap until Bad caught up to them. He threw his last pearl as far away from the two hitmen as he could to get a chance to heal.

"Time's almost up!"

"GET HIM!" George ran towards him, armorless and empty handed, and started throwing punches at him. Dream landed a few crits, killing him easily, but by the time he had Sapnap and Bad were sprinting towards him. Dream turned to run but Bad shot him in the back, once, twice—

PVP HAS BEEN DISABLED! YOU ARE SAFE... FOR NOW!

"YEESSSSSS!!!!!"

Dream - Minecraft Hitmen Extra Scenes (Hitmen 3)

"Are you serious??"

"How low were you, come on, you must've been low." George asked.

"Well I just healed, but I was super low when Sapnap and I were fighting a moment ago. That's three wins in a row, I'm *destroying* you!"

"Yeah, guess we should probably fix the balancing," George said.

"Oh no, don't you put this on balancing, baby, I won!" He paused. "You know what that means." Dream crouched and looked up at George.

"Oh my god, you're such an idiot."

"Come on, we had a deal!" Dream whined jokingly.

"Fine," George said as if he was annoyed, but with a smile clearly audible in his voice nonetheless. "Mwah."

"Mwah! Aw, thank you, baby." The call was silent for a moment.

"Ok, Dream, I finished your trophy, *again*," Bad said.

Dream and George stepped apart and flew over to see the trophy. "Wow, looks great, Bad! Can't

wait to add this to my collection!”

“Oh, shut up!” George punched Dream, which of course had no effect since they were both in creative mode. “I’m sure we’ll win next time.”

“Sure, sure, you keep telling yourself that, honey.”

George spluttered for a moment. “Hon- you- wha- no, we’re going to beat you!”

“Whatever you say,” Dream said in a tone that was probably meant to be mocking but just came out soft.

Chapter End Notes

I think this is three chapters in as many days. I'm paying so much attention in class guys, not writing at *all*

Updates miiiight slow down since I'm actually going back to in person school soon and I'll have to actually pay attention (or at least be distracted by something other than writing fanfic lmao), but I think I'll actually have finished this story before then so it should be fine. I mean they're probably gonna go back to every few days instead of every day anyways though XD

I hope you guys liked it! We're getting close to the confessions guys I promise!

Have a nice day and go drink some water :D

The Hoodie Part 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Honey is a new one. George was sprawled across his bed, staring at the ceiling while in a silent call with Dream. Not silent because anything had gone wrong, just silent because they'd spent the last hour and a half screaming at the top of their lungs for Dream's newest hitmen video and neither of them had 'talking' on their list of priorities for the rest of the night. *Honey.* Maybe the screaming was what made it feel so different. Maybe the slightly raw edge to Dream's voice after a long recording was what sent shivers down George's spine.

You keep telling yourself that, honey.

No, that wasn't it. Something about 'honey' just felt *more*, somehow. More real, more sweet, more domestic, more meaningful. George's heart still fluttered every time Dream called him baby, but honey made him *melt*. He dropped his face into his hands with a groan.

"Hey, you ok, baby?"

George bit back the words on the tip of his tongue ("Call me honey again", wouldn't that have been a disaster) and scrambled to come up with an excuse. "Yeah, yeah, I'm just tired." George yawned and realized it wasn't even a lie. "That recording really wiped me out."

"You should go to sleep," Dream said in barely more than a whisper, which really wasn't good for George's heart.

"Only if you're going to. I don't want to mess up our sync."

Dream sighed. "Ok, I'll try. You sound exhausted."

George smiled wistfully and rolled over. "Thanks. Good night, babe."

"Good night. Sweet dreams."

When the new video came out a few days later George watched it right away. He found himself skipping back a few seconds *way* too often, listening to every romantic moment over and over again. It took him an embarrassingly long time to finish the video, and by the time he started the extra scenes video he had several conversations drilled permanently into his mind. He was so focused on every little overwhelming detail of the way Dream spoke to him that he completely forgot what was coming until "you keep telling yourself that, honey" smacked him in the face. *Honey.* Dream hadn't called him that since, which was probably a good thing because every time George thought about it he turned a marvelous shade of red and had to change the subject *immediately*.

As he replayed Dream's words he realized that having a recording of this he could just listen to whenever was going to be a problem.

"Honey," George whispered out loud. Even though he knew he was alone, his eyes darted to the discord window open on his second monitor just to make sure no one could hear him. It was so rare that they weren't in a call nowadays that he couldn't trust it. Dream being in his ear was

starting to feel like his natural state, as if they were always connected in spite of the thousands of miles of ocean between them.

Unfortunately, Dream was in some dumb lore planning meeting with Wilbur, Tommy, Ranboo, Karl, Quackity... he couldn't remember everyone who was going, but George really wasn't interested in trying to do lore (having to *act* on stream like they all did sounded miserable) so he wasn't going. He couldn't wait to hear Dream's recounting of the meeting later that night, though. He always got so excited, pacing around the room and jumping between different plots and details whenever he thought of something interesting, saying the lines he thought he might use for dramatic moments and asking George what he thought of his acting... it was fucking adorable, and George lived for it.

George closed the tab with Dream's video open (he didn't want to end up watching it again like a complete idiot) and was considering logging onto the smp when his doorbell rang. He pulled off his headphones and walked to the door, trying to remember if he'd ordered anything recently, and pulled it open to find that no one was there except for a cardboard box.

It was a very familiar looking box, except this time there was a heart drawn next to the "from Dream". George rolled his eyes and pretended he didn't notice the blush painting his cheeks. He took the box inside and set it down on the floor. *Dream didn't mention he was sending anything...* George tore open the box and found...

Another hoodie.

Interesting.

Dream sent me another hoodie? ...Why would he do that? It looked yellow, though George figured it was probably green. Resting on top of it was an unmarked envelope. He opened it with shaking hands and pulled out a letter.

Dear George,

As much as I love seeing you in my hoodie, I feel kinda bad seeing you wear the same thing like every day. So I sent you this one. I hope you like it.

Love,

Dream

George stared at the letter, reading it over and over again. *I love seeing you in my hoodie.* Dream had said as much plenty of times before, but it carried way more weight accompanied by another one, sent *completely* unprompted. This was definitely not normal friend stuff, right? But Dream and George weren't exactly normal. *I guess he's probably just being honest. It's not like it's a secret that I wear that stupid thing every day, he just wants me to have two options instead of one.*

But what if— George tried his best to silence the hope in his head and tugged off his hoodie. He replaced it with the green one and breathed in. *Wow.* The scent of the first hoodie had all but faded away, but this one was newly his and all George wanted to do was pull the fabric up to his nose and sit there enjoying it for a moment. Which is exactly what he did.

"Oh my god, what is wrong with me," George muttered to himself and let go of the collar, shoving his hands into the hoodie's pocket.

It wasn't empty.

George pulled his hand back out, clutching a crumpled piece of paper. He carefully unfolded it,

immediately recognizing the messy handwriting that covered it, and started to read.

Dear George,

Chapter End Notes

ITS A CLIFFHANGER I'M SORRY

Don't worry, I've already got most of the next chapter planned out in my head so it should be soon! And it'll be great!

And just to be clear, it's the letter from chapter 8 that Dream shoved into his pocket, and then forgot about XD (thank you frogsalive!)

UNRELATED BUT DID YOU GUYS SEE VOICES BY DERIVAKAT??? SO GOOD???

I'm so excited to show you guys the ending I have planned. Leave a comment if you'd like I love hearing your thoughts!!

Thank you for reading, I'll see you with an update soon :DD

The Letter Part 3

Chapter Notes

THE CHAPTER YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR HAS ARRIVED

The first part of this chapter is a response to Dream's second letter, from chapter 8, so you might want to reread it. You don't have to but it might be helpful.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

From: Georgenotfound@gmail.com
Subject: READ ME RIGHT NOW <3

Dear Dream,

Fuck it, I don't want you to be worrying and wondering where I'm going with this for a single second so I'm just gonna start off by saying that I am one hundred percent in love with you.

IN love. Romantically. I mean it. No miscommunication, no drawn out nonsense, none of that bullshit, I am not letting that happen. I am so fucking in love with you, Dream.

I wish I could say I was being brave and making the first move but I'm not. The hoodie you sent just arrived (I'm wearing it right now and I love it, thank you) and I think you left something in the pocket by mistake. A letter, about how you feel and stuff. So yeah, I'm not being brave yet. But I'm going to be, because reading that letter made me so happy and since you're still in the meeting right now I'm gonna write you one too. A nice one, a sappy, dumb, lovey-dovey one that is gonna be PAINFUL to write but I really want to say it, and I know if I wait to call you I'm not gonna be able to put it well and do it justice.

Ok so it's been ten minutes of me staring at the little blinking cursor thing with no idea what to write and trying very hard not to just pull you out of the meeting right this instant. But I know how much it means to you, and we've waited this fucking long we can wait a little while longer, right? (I'm completely freaking out right now my emotions are a screaming mess lmao) Besides, if I cut your meeting short then I just get to hear less about it later and OH I can talk about how fucking cute that is now! Oh my fucking god Dream who gave you the right to be so fucking cute. Like seriously. HOW.

Ok I just have no idea what to write about so I'm just gonna go through your letter (I've read it like three times already) (ok maybe more like six) and respond to it because idk what else to say.

I don't think writing me a letter is dumb, I think it's sweet really. I haven't written anything down but like I have definitely done some dumb shit, the amount of times I rewatched the clip where you called me honey... ok you know what I was gonna just delete that bit because it's embarrassing as hell but I'm not going to, I liked it when you called me that do it more. I mean I was never gonna be able to ask for that out loud but I fucking wanted to.

Next thing, oh my god don't apologize I've been enjoying this whole thing just as much as you have. God, we're stupid aren't we? How did all of this happen between us and we both were just like 'nope this is very heterosexual behavior nothing to see here'. I mean I guess you were starting

to notice towards the end of your letter. Your scribbling out wasn't very good, I could still read exactly what you wrote, and YES, idiot, I wore your hoodie because I like you, I literally don't know how it wasn't obvious. ...Says me, I guess. I doubt I really get to talk, I've been thinking about everything and oh my god you liked me through all of this??? I literally just can't wtf how is this really happening

I think I do have an idea of how much you wanted this to be real because so fucking did I, oh my god so fucking much. And we're definitely going on dates, and I'm gonna call you babe all the goddamn time and I'm gonna mean it even more than I always have (I've always meant it even if I couldn't really MEAN it). Also, I think you'd write good poetry if you wanted to try. I'd fucking love a poem from you.

God, I'm swearing so much. I mean, you did too, but yours were for like emphasis and more sparingly and they were dramatic and stuff, mine are just all over the place but I just really need you to know how much I mean this. And it's all been pent up for so long, I mean I thought the pining was hard before you were calling me baby and making out with me in minecraft oh my god. I guess you get that though.

Ok this next paragraph about me being pretty is just - oh my god Dream I can't. I just don't know how to explain how fucking happy reading this made me I - oh, that's the part that "intoxicates" you, right? Nope fuck it I'm too happy to be cool and suave and flirty nope not happening right now. And you know I always meant it too, you're so goddamn hot babe (OH MY GOD I JUST CALLED YOU BABE AND YOU ACTUALLY LOVE ME AND IM GOING TO JUST DIE RIGHT HERE OH MY GOD-) I'm glad you won't have to stop yourself from "waxing poetic" about me anymore. I mean I'm giving you this whole ass love letter I'd love to hear what you think about me.

Pft, 'convince yourself I wanted it too' - I've just straight up temporarily FORGOTTEN this was a 'joke' like multiple times! Just spent like a few minutes thinking you were actually my boyfriend. Boyfriend, oh my god, you're gonna be my real actual boyfriend holy FUCK- And yeah, I've imagined it all too. We won't have to imagine so much anymore now though wow

I really can't wait to move in with you either. TO FUCKING MOVE IN WITH YOU MY BOYFRIEND IM LOSING MY GODDAMN MIND- But I don't ever want to leave. Definitely not for a girl. You know, now you can be happy for me that I'm moving in with my SO AND stay with me. Fucking hell I still haven't full processed this. Is this real? Am I dreaming? Also, glad to hear we're in agreement about Karl and Sapnap. Those two really just need to date already.

But then apparently so do we.

Call me, (right fucking now babe I cannot wait)
George

PS: I'm waiting to send this until you leave the meeting and I'm literally just staring at your name in the call. It's been AGES how much lore can you possibly be planning? I can't wait to see what you come up with though, I know I complain about the lore a lot but I hope you know I love watching it.

Ughhhhhhhhhhh now I'm seriously considering pulling you out of the meeting. Like this is a big deal I don't think anyone would fault me.

But I've waited this long the sunk cost fallacy has sunk in I can't just stop waiting now I can't give

up on The Plan.

Lmao I just wrote the sunk cost fallacy has *sunk* in. That was terrible. Please come back some soon look what's happening to me.

Baaaaaaaabe. Babe. BABE. Please come back :(

The suspense is killing me. Of course I find out my best friend who I've had a crush on for years is actually in love with me and he's stuck in a stupid meeting

KSDLJFHSDJKFHSFD FSDKLJHSDF YOU LEFT SENDS I GIVE YOU TWO

George sat literally on the edge of his seat, rereading what he'd just sent. He'd just bared his whole heart—or as much of it as he could manage to in an email—and the weight of what he'd done was starting to sink in. *What if I somehow misunderstood, what if he doesn't feel the same way, what if* — George looked away from his own letter and back to Dream's. What kind of cruel joke would it be to lie about this? "Loving every second," "in love with you," "I wish it wasn't a joke," Dream wouldn't fill a letter with false confessions like those, right? There was no way he was misunderstanding. There, clear as day, Dream was telling him over and over again that he loved him and wanted to date him and George definitely wasn't *misunderstanding* the letter and Dream definitely wouldn't have faked something like this so it definitely had to be real, right?

George took a deep breath. This was real. Either it was real or it was a dream or something, either way there was no way that email was going to a Dream who wouldn't be happy to receive it. There was no way. *Fuck, this is terrifying.* George read the letter again.

Halfway through rereading (for the eighth time now) the discord ringtone interrupted him (*oh my fucking god it's Dream*) and he somehow managed to calm his panicked heart long enough to answer the call.

"George." Dream sounded so goddamn vulnerable that any words George was planning to say were lost in an instant.

"Dream!"

"D-did you mean it?"

And while there wasn't much going back from that email, he could still say no. Moment of truth. God knows the two of them could ignore these letters forever if they put their minds to it. "Of *course* I meant it."

"Oh my gosh. Oh my *gosh* are you serious?" For just a moment George worried he'd gotten it all wrong, but even he couldn't dismiss the giddiness in Dream's voice.

"Yes, yes, yes I'm serious, Dream, I - *I love you!*" George had to rush the words out as if it hurt to say them, but Dream still let out a happy sounding gasp.

"*Oh*, George, I love you too, I love you so fucking much. Oh my gosh, can we turn our cameras on, I need to see your pretty face right now."

George's 'pretty face' turned bright red, but he turned on his camera anyways and Dream followed

suit. “H-hi.”

Dream was resting his head in his palms, staring wistfully at him. “George, *honey*, you’re *so* cute.”

Ok, that was really just too much. George’s blush darkened and he hid his face behind one hand with a groan.

“Wow, you really do like that one, huh, honey?” The words should’ve been teasing but they just sounded mesmerized, and George parted his fingers to peek at the wide smile on Dream’s face.

“Shut up, shut up!”

“George,” Dream whispered.

“Dream... *babe*, I...” George must’ve looked as lovestruck as he felt, because Dream started giggling and then George was too and nothing had ever felt more *right*.

“George.”

“Dream.” George had no idea what to say, and it seemed like Dream didn’t either. After all this time his wildest dreams were somehow actually coming true.

Then Dream broke the silence. “Aaaah! This is so fucking cool, baby! Oh my gosh I can’t believe this is happening!!”

George laughed and finally pulled the hand away from his face. “You’re *such* an idiot.”

“I literally do not care, you’re my fucking boyfriend, I’m gonna be as dumb as I fucking want.”

George sighed. “You’re so cute.”

“No, *you’re* so cute!” Dream giggled. George rolled his eyes despite the wide grin on his face.

George spoke in a whisper. “I love you, Dream.”

Chapter End Notes

ITS FINALLY HERE! THEY TALKED TO EACH OTHER! THEY DID IT!

There's gonna be one more chapter of just pure fluff (and also maybe a karlnap oneshot later since I've been just been mentioning it constantly? we'll see), but this was the really big one.

I tried to make George and Dream have very different styles in their letters. It ended up just being 1000 words of George's unfiltered internal screaming but I hope it works XD

I hope you guys liked the confessions, I know you've been waiting for a while! Also thank you all for giving this story so much support, you really make me so happy and you helped me stay motivated with this whole thing so thank you all so much!! <3

Let me know what you thought!! I'd really love hearing from you guys you're the best :DD

The End

Chapter Notes

It's the last chapter!! Thank you so all so much for reading my story <3333

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Ok, so this only happened just now and I’m still kind of freaking out,” Dream said.

“Stop being so dramatic, you’re scaring him, idiot! Don’t worry, Sap, it’s a good thing.”

“A very good thing!”

“Yeah,” George giggled, “a very, very good thing.”

“You guys are so weird. What exactly did you want to tell me?”

“Ok, ok, we wanted to tell you that we...”

“Finally stopped being idiots?” George offered.

“We weren’t *that* dumb!”

“Babe, yes we were. We really, really were.”

“Ok, ok, fine. Fair. So we finally stopped being idiots and denying the obvious and we’re actually dating now! Like, for real!”

Sapnap frowned. “Wait, what?”

George winced. He’d thought it would be easy to tell Sapnap since he’d known them for so long (and the two guys thing shouldn’t be an issue, because *Karl*, obviously), but maybe he’d been wrong.

“Um, George and I—”

“You two only stopped pretending it was a joke *now*?”

“What?!” George asked.

“Dudes, I legit thought you two started actually dating ages ago, I was just waiting for you to tell me! You mean you guys did *all* of that and you *still* didn’t realize you both had feelings for each other??”

“You thought *what*?”

“Oh my god, I’ve been watching you two make heart eyes at each other over the internet for literal ages, of course when you finally become a couple and act all lovey-dovey and go on fucking *movie dates* I’m gonna think—”

“That was one time!”

“Wait!” George shot upright in his chair. “After the movie, when I called you cute and you got all blushy and flustered, you—”

“Oh my god that was so embarrassing, you remembered that?” Dream groaned.

“See what I mean?? God, you’re so oblivious.”

“Shut up, Sapnap!” they both snapped at the same time and burst into giggles.

“Ok, but seriously, I’m happy for you guys. That’s fucking awesome!” Sapnap grinned at them.

“Oh, just so I know, who else are you gonna tell?”

“Oh...” George glanced at Dream’s camera, who looked equally unsure. “We kinda didn’t talk about that yet?”

“Yeah, we just both agreed we wanted to tell you right away.”

Sapnap turned away from the camera. “Oh, cool, uh, thanks, yeah, cool.”

“Aw, Sap, are you embarrassed?”

“THAT’S JUST REALLY SWEET SHUT UP!”

When Dream and George finally hung up the call they started after reading each other’s letters it had been going for twenty five hours straight. They’d slept on call together (*as a couple!!*), and other than adding Sapnap for a few hours they’d spent all of their time together, just the two of them, since the elephant in the room smacked them with its trunk. It didn’t matter what they said (well, some things they said mattered. Some things George would hold close to his heart forever) or if they even said anything at all as long as they each knew they had the other in their ear as they went about their day.

Of course, all good things must come to an end, but George didn’t really mind this one. They only hung up so that George could start his stream, and in just a few moments they’d be in a vc together again.

“Hi chat!” George waved. On his second monitor he could see that his face was positively glowing with joy. He looked ridiculously happy. Of course he was, that stupid green minecraft man looking up at him was his boyfriend! What more could he ask for?

“We’ve got an awesome stream planned for today, so prepare yourselves!” George’s phone lit up, and he quickly glanced over to make sure the notification wasn’t something important. It was just an email, and he almost decided to leave it for later until he saw what it was about. George’s mouth fell open, and he grabbed his phone to read the email, not caring to explain anything to the chat.

When he finished reading he let the phone drop into his lap and scrambled back to his keyboard.

GeorgeNotFound: DREAM JOIN VC RIGHT NOW

GeorgeNotFound: DREAM JOIN VC RIGHT NOW

GeorgeNotFound: DREAM JOIN VC RIGHT NOW

GeorgeNotFound: DREAM JOIN VC RIGHT NOW

The sound of Dream joining the vc played almost immediately after George sent the messages.

“George? I saw you check your phone, what—”

“My fucking visa!!”

“What?! Wait, really??”

“My visa just got approved! Oh my god, Dream, I—”

“George!! Oh my gosh, you’re coming to Florida, I’m gonna *see* you, oh- *George!*”

“I can’t believe it. It’s finally happening, I can’t believe it!”

“This is- George- the timing, I mean- oh my god, this is amazing!”

“Oh, wait, uh,” George turned back to his camera and laughed, “right, chat’s still here! Sorry, I got a bit distracted because this is... obviously a really big deal, we’ve been trying to work this out for so long but now it’s finally happening and- ok, basically, you guys know we didn’t want me to fly over just for an unnecessary visit for a few weeks with covid and all but now that I can actually move in and... oh my god, this is amazing. Chat, I’m...” George took a moment to calm down. He was still live, he couldn’t be too obvious. “I’m finally getting my Dream face reveal!” he joked.

“Oh come on,” Dream laughed, “is that really what you’re most excited about?”

“No,” George answered, immediately, softly, far more honestly than he’d intended to. The call fell into stunned, gleeful silence for a moment before the two expert streamers easily picked up the pace again.

“Hey I’m here, so sorry I’m late!”

George grinned. “I’m breaking up with you, a whole two minutes late to our date? That’s fucked up.”

“Just send me the Netflix party link, honey.”

George let out a sigh. The pet name still got to him despite Dream positively overusing it over the last few days since they became a real, official couple.

A real, official couple.

“What are you smiling at?” Dream asked with, George was happy to notice, a wide smile of his own.

“Nothing, just... we’re on a date. For real.”

“Yeah,” Dream giggled, “we are! God, I was so excited for this all day, literally ask Sapnap, I have not shut up about it.”

“Oh yeah?” George pouted jokingly, “Then why were you late?”

“Honestly? I spent the last, like, hour listening to Sapnap scream about Karl because ‘if you get to gush about your boyfriend at all hours of the day,’” Dream did a horrible impression of Sapnap’s voice, “‘I get to talk about my dumb crush’ and I lost track of time trying to convince him to just ask him out already.”

"Aww," George tried to smirk tauntingly but just ended up smiling, "you were gushing about me?"

"Uh, yeah..." Dream's cheeks turned slightly pink. "Whatever."

George laughed. "I was actually trying to convince Karl earlier today too."

"I bet we'll get them together by the end of the month!"

"Do you want to?" George leaned forward. "Bet, I mean."

"What, would you be betting *against* us?"

"Oh, no, no, I was thinking more like if Sapnap asks Karl out you win, and if Karl asks Sapnap out I win?"

"Oh, hell yeah! Are you kidding? Sapnap's totally gonna win this one for me."

"But have you seen how shy he gets around Karl? I think I have a real chance!"

"What are we betting? I mean, our last bet turned out so well for us..."

George grinned and pushed his hoodie-sleeve-covered palms into his cheeks. "Hm, I hadn't thought that far ahead."

"Umm..."

"Yeah, babe?" Dream looked uncharacteristically shy.

"What about the same wager as last time?"

"Oh, um, I can't do that." George tugged absentmindedly on his hoodie strings.

"What? Why not?"

"Remember how we said I'd have to send the big smile hoodie for it to fit you?" Dream nodded.

"Well, that one's kind of... in the mail to Florida."

Dream's face lit up like fireworks. "Aww, really?"

"It was supposed to be a surprise!"

"Aaah, I can't wait! When's it gonna get here?"

"Tuesday."

"Oh my gosh, I'm so excited! Honestly I just wanted an excuse to ask for it..."

"Aww, babe, you could've just asked!"

"Yeah, yeah, I know..." Dream tried to hide his blush behind his hands.

"You're so cute."

"George!" Dream groaned as the skin George could still see turned even redder.

"But you are, babe!"

“Shut up!”

George smiled softly. “Oh! I’ve got an idea. So you know how we couldn’t decide how we wanted to tell the fans? How about the winner gets to pick?”

“Perfect!” Dream grinned.

“*Within reason.*”

“Of course, of course. You’re on!”

Chapter End Notes

That's it! The last chapter! Except only sort of, because I'm going to write a KarlNap sequel and you'll definitely be getting more fluff from these two in it ^-^ I made a series for it, so you could bookmark/subscribe to it if you want to hear when the sequel comes out :D

It took me a lot longer to write this chapter than the others, I actually started a few other one shots that I might finish before I start the sequel (probably not though, I'm not thrilled with them). I wasn't completely sure what I wanted to put in this chapter and I wanted to get it just right before I posted it.

Thank you all so much for all your support for this story, it really means so much to me!! You all help keep me motivated to write and I'm so incredibly grateful to be part of such a kind community. I hope you liked the ending!

(Also I don't really know how visas work but suspend your disbelief babes its fine XD)

Thank you so so much <3333

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! If you'd like, leave a comment - compliments, criticism, suggestions for the story, anything really! Your comments give me an unreasonable amount of serotonin, and so does people just reading this at all, so thank you again <3

I hope you enjoyed! Have a nice day :D

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!